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THE
Great Bastard,
PROTECTOR of the Little ONE, &c.

THE

Great Britain

Director of the India Office

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PROTECTOR
OF THE
Little One.

Done out of French.

And for which a PROCLAMATION,
with a Reward of 5000 Lewedores, to Discover the Author, was Publish'd.



Printed at *Cologne*, MDCLXXXIX.

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Printed at Colney, MDCCLXXIX

7-10

THE
Great Bastard

Protector of the Little One, &c.

WE find in *Holy Writ*, that in the *Jewish Law*, it was expressly provided by the Supreme Legislator, *That a Bastard should not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation*: But it seems the Unhappy Kingdom of *France* allows the Bastard himself, not only to enter into the Congregation, but to settle himself upon the Throne, and to bear it higher than all the precedeing Kings before him, which had a better right to do it, as being the Offspring of Kings, and not the *Sons of the People*, the proper term the *Roman Law* gives to Bastards. We have heard of the *Salick Law*, in force in that Kingdom, for a great many Ages, by which the Crown of *France* cannot fall from the *Sword to the Distaff*, but till the blessed days of our August Monarch,

B

narch, we never had the happiness to be acquainted with a Law or Custom, by which that was in the power of a Queen of *France*, to provide us an Heir to the Crown, without the concurrence of her Husband, and to impose upon us for our King, a Brat of another Man's making. All the Reign of our *Invincible Monarch*, has been a constant Series of Wonders, but among them all, this is none of the least, That he who was in the opinion of all the World, *the Son of a private Gentleman*, from his Birth till the end of *the Prince of Conde's Wars*, has had the good fortune to be ever since, no less than *the Son of Lewis the Thirteenth*. After this, let no body call in question the commonly supposed Fable, of the Transmutation of *Iphis* from a Woman to a Man, since to be translated from a *Bastard*, to a *Son lawfully begotten*, is equally as difficult.

Among a great many other Quarrels, I have with the *English Nation*, this is one, that they are a People too nice in believing Miracles; and their Haughtiness is such, as they scorn, forsooth, to believe Impossibilities: for albeit they, and all the rest of the World about them, are firmly perswaded, that *the little Bable, Prince of Wales*, was never of Queen

Queen *Mary's* bearing, much less of Kings *James's* begetting, yet if these Infidels had been as *well-mannerly credulous*, as we in *France* have been, of the wonderful Transmutation of our *Lewis le Grand*, they needed not have made all this noise about *the little Impostor Infant*, but might have comforted themselves in the hopes, that he who was a Spurious Prince of *Wales* to day, might some years hence, by a new *French* way of Transubstantiation, become a lawfully begotten King of *England*. But the mischief of all is, these stiff-necked Hereticks, ever since they fell off from the Communion of the Holy Church, make bold to call in question all our Miracles; and such a one as this would be, I am afraid they would stick at, among others.

Good God! how happy had it been for *France*, yea, for a great part of the World, that the *French* had been as great Infidels, upon the point of Miracles, as the Heretick *English*; and that our *Lewis the Fourteenth* had been hurl'd out of *France*, when but *Dolphin of Viennois*, as *the little Mock Prince of Wales* has been out of *England*, when scarce well handled into the light? What dismal Tragedies has our *French Impostor*

caus'd in *Christendom*? How many Cities laid in Ashes, Countries ruined, Families extinguished, and millions of Lives sacrific'd to the Vanity and Ambition of a *Bastard*?

The *Hugonots* of *France*, of all People in the World, have most reason to be ashamed of their conduct, with relation to *this Ungrate Monster*, in the time of his Minority, and of *the Prince of Conde's Wars*: and these People who disown a thousand things in the Catholick Religion, meerly upon the account of their being, in their opinion, *irreconcilable to Reason*, did strangely contradict, not only *common Fame*, but even *Reason it self*, in being brought to think, that it was possible that *Lewis the Fourteenth* should be the true Son of *Lewis the Thirteenth*, after near half a *Jubilee* of Years past in Marriage betwixt him and *Anne of Austria*, his Queen, without the least hope of Issue, with all the concurring signs of a natural Impotency upon his side. But these Gentlemen have paid dear enough for their opinions, and have had sufficient time and occasion to read their past Folly, in their present Affliction, and to call to mind with regret, their unaccountable Madness in assisting him to re-ascend the Throne of *France*, whom almost *the whole Nation*

Nation, the Princes of the Blood, and the Parliament of Paris had combin'd together to tumble down, and had certainly done it, if the *Hugonots* had not turn'd the Scale. These poor *Hugonots* have had so many sad occasions since, to repent their fault, that I confess it's scarce generous to upbraid the miserable with the follies they cannot now amend, and which has brought upon them so many misfortunes. And yet I must beg leave to tell them, That as their Zeal to *Lewis the 14th's* unjust Interest, was the original cause, in my opinion of Heaven's thus afflicting them by his Hands; so it was indeed the true Motive that induc'd this *Ungrate* to ruin them. For thus it was, that he and his *Jesuitick Cabal* reason'd among themselves; If the *Hugonots* in the late Prince of *Conde's* Wars, when the Crown was at Stake were able to turn the Ballance, and to draw Victory and Success to the side they espous'd, which at that time was *ours*. By the same parity of Reason, if the same *Hugonots* shall at any time hereafter be induc'd to joyn against us, and to take our Enemies part, they will without all doubt turn the Scale on the other side, and prove as dangerous Enemies as formerly they were Friends; and thence by a Diabolical way of Reasoning, it was concluded

cluded that it was the true Interest of the Crown, that the *Hugonots* should be utterly destroyed.

By the way, I must, tho contrary to my inclination, do a piece of Justice to *Lewis* the 14th. in Vindicating him from a common aspersion cast upon him by the *Hugonots*, and it's this: Over and above the foulest Ingratitude imaginable, (in which Charge I heartily agree with them) he is chargeable with, as to them they will needs load him to the boot, with no less then *perjury and breach of Faith*, in not observing the famous Edict of *Nants*, which was granted to them by King *Henry the Fourth*, and declared by him to be, in all time coming, an irrevocable and fundamental Constitution of the State; which Edict, say they, *Lewis the 14th*. swore at his Coronation inviolably to observe. I confess this is a heavy Charge; but to speak no worse of the Devil then he deserves, in my opinion our *Lewis le Grand* is not chargeable upon that score, as not being bound to the observance of that Edict, even tho having sworn it: If we shall consider, that by the express words of the Edict it self, King *Henry* obliges *Himself and his lawful Successors only*, that is, those who shall succeed to the Crown of

France

France in a lawful descent of Royal Blood. Now I think no man will say, that by this Clause of the Edict, an extraneous person, such as *our Interloper Lewis the 14th. is*, can be included; and therefore as having none of the Royal Blood of *France* in his Veins, he cannot be justly charg'd with perjury or breach of Faith, in not observing one Edict, which was declared and meant to oblige only the lawful Successors of *King Henry the Fourth.*

Here I cannot but relate a Discourse I had once with one of *the Fathers of the Capucian Order*; the very day after the Revocation of the Edict of *Nants*, and which may serve to answer one Objection naturally arising, from what I have said upon this Head. All *Paris* was fill'd with the noise of this Affair, and in every corner, both *Papist* and *Protestant* was reasoning upon it; among the rest the good *Capucian* and I would needs turn both *Statesmen* and *Casuits* on the Subject. We lost betwixt us, all the Arguments we could fall upon, to vindicate, if possible, the Kings so apparently unjust action; and in the end we came to reason, how far the King was oblig'd to the observance of the Edict of *Nants*, upon the account of his not being indeed the lawful

ful Successor of Henry the 4th. the granter of it. But, said I, Father, tho I should agree, that the King is not oblig'd by that Edict at first, for the reason we have named, yet his Posteriour swearing to observe it, makes him as lyable to the observance of it, as if he were really the true Successor of Henry the 4th. and of the Royal Blood of France. To this the Capucian returned me a very satisfactory Answer. Sir, says he, It seems you are but little acquainted with the Cassuistick Doctrine and Principles of the Jesuits, and have not the happiness to be acquainted with Father le Chese the Kings Confessor, so well as I; and therefore I'll tell you one Evasion, a Wit like his, will soon find out to remove all needless scruples from the Kings mind, arising from his Swearing the Edict of Nants, and its this. The words of the Oath which the King did take at his Coronation was these, And seeing this Edict was declared by King Henry 4th. our Grandfather of Glorious Memory, to be irrevocable, and that his lawful Successors the succeeding Kings of France should swear the same at their Coronation, therefore we do hereby promise and swear faithfully and inviolably to observe the said Edict all the days of our Life-time. Now these being the very words of the Kings Oath, (continues the Capucian)

How

how proper and easie was it for the Reverend Father le Chese, to tell him, Sire, You are not at all oblig'd by this Oath, because it leans upon, and contains in its very bosom, a Supposition, upon the removal of which the whole Oath it self does necessarily fall, viz. Your Majesty's being the Grand-child of Henry the 4th; which neither you yourself, nor no body else does believe: So that if your Majesty has sworn an Oath, wherein there is an expresse supposition that you are the Grand-child of Henry the 4th, which you are not, the Oath it self, as leaning on that false supposition, must necessarily fall with it, and becomes in it self void. I hope you are wiser, (concludes the Capucin to me) but to think that F. le Chese might use all this freedom with his ignorant bigotted Pupil, enslav'd to his Direction, especially that he is acquainted with all the Villanies of his Life, and in particular with his criminal Privities with the Dauphiness. Thus far the Capucin's Discourse and mine; and I must say, upon reflection, I cannot divine an Evasion which Father le Chese could have fallen upon more plausible, to persuade his enslav'd Pupil to Revoke the Edict of Nantz, than this the Capucin hinted at.

But I know the Reader will tell me, What means all this pudder upon a meer Supposition, that Louis le Grand is a Bastard, without making

making it appear, or proving that he is so: I acknowledge, that of all the Tasks one ever ventured upon, that of proving a Man to be a *Bastard*, is the hardest; for when a Woman designs to bring another then her Husband to her Bed, she uses not to order such and such persons to stand by, that they may bear Testimony of her Crime: and tho' some Women may come the length of Inadvertence or Impudence, in being too open in their Amours, yet when they have to do with a Gallant that's concern'd in Honour, and oblig'd by his Character, to be more reserved in his Pleasures; its not to be imagin'd, but she will be taught to play her part, if not chaste, yet cautiously. All the World knows that the Cardinals of Richelieu and Mazarin, were capable of keeping their own Secrets; and yet it's to be regrated, that their Amours with our *Invincible Monarch's* Mother, were hard enough to be concealed, so many are the Spies about the Courts of Princes.

That *Anne of Austria* found a way to provide an Heir to *Louis the 13th*, without putting him to the pains of getting it himself, will appear clearly enough, if we take a view of all the Circumstances that meet in this Affair, which all taken together, leaves us no room to doubt of that *Queen's* concern for perpetuating her Husband's Memory at any Cost.

Com-

Common Fame was ever lookt upon as a great presumption of the Truth of a thing, especially if joined to other concurring Circumstances: and never did that *praising Goddess* extend her voice louder, than in proclaiming to the World, the Spurious Birth of our *August Monarch*: Time was when she did not whisper it in Corners, but express it in publick Pictures, Plays, Farces, and what not? Modesty will not allow me to mention the bawdy shapes of these two sorts of Bread, call'd to this day *the Queen's Bread*, and *the Cardinal's Bread*, sold thro' *Paris*, and in most places of *France*; so that at that time, one could scarce sit down to eat, but he was put in mind of the *Queen's* and the *Cardinal's Amours*. It were in vain to enumerate the thousand part of the Satyrs and Pasquils on this Subject, for a great many Years; each Pen out-tying one another, in the Glory of propagating to Posterity, the Love-Passions of these two Mighty Cardinal Ministers of State; let this one upon Cardinal Richeleu, affix on his Palace, serve for all;

What means thy Ingrate French to hate,
The only true Support of State?
What greater Favour could there be,
Shewn to the King, Queen, State, all three;
Than to provide, by his Unwearied Care,
The King a Son, the Queen a Husband, and the State an Heir?
Impotency

Impotency is one of those Imperfections, a Man is most unwilling to take with, being that which un-mans him, and renders him the scorn of *his own*, and the abhorrence of the *other Sex*: It can only be proved by *presumptions*; and these are for the most part reducible, either to *his indifference for the fair Sex in general*, or for *his own Wife in particular*; the *weakness of his Constitution*, or *his Cohabiting with a Woman of a sound Body and proportion'd Age, for a considerable time, without having any Issue by her.* All these Presumptions, and some more than perhaps Decency will allow me to name, will be found in *Lewis the 13th*, the supposed Father of our *August Monarch*. I think there can be no greater proof of a Man's *indifference for the fair Sex*, in general, or his own Wife in particular, then when a Man in the heat of his Youth, has a right by Marriage to the Bed of a beautiful and young Princess, has her constantly in his view, and in his power, and yet at the same time, can for some Years together abstain from those Embraces, which Marriage has not only made *lawful*, but a *Duty*: and this unwonted coldness in Youth, is the more to be jealous'd, that, previous to the Marriage, the Man did express an *eager impatience* to enjoy his *young Bride*; for the subsequent

quent Coldness and Abstinence does clearly insinuate a consciousness of his being mistaken of himself, and that upon tryal he has found his power not answerable to his will.

Of all this, we have a pretty clear instance in *Louis the 13th*: Upon his being married by Proxy to *Anna of Austria Infanta of Spain*, afterwards Mother to our *Invincible Monarch*, he expresseth the greatest eagerness to enjoy her, and having gone the length of *Burdeaux* to meet her, his Desires vented themselves in the following Letter, sent her some few days before her Arrival:

Madam,

Since I cannot, according to my longing Desire, find Myself near you, at your entry into my Kingdom, to put you in possession of the Power I have, and of that entire Affection I have in my Breast to Love and Serve you: I send you *Luyennes*, one of the most trustiest of my Servants, to Salute you in my Name, and to tell you, that you are expected by me with the greatest impatience, to offer unto you MY SELF: I pray therefore receive him favourably. and believe what he shall tell you, Madam, from your most dear Friend and Servant

LOUIS.

The

The *strain* of this *Letter* seems to be *warm enough*, and the word *Offer of Himself*, is pretty expressive, as coming from a young *Bridegroom* to a young and beautiful *Bride*. Now who would have dream'd, but this *skirmishing* by *Letters* should have produced a *fixt Barrel* at meeting? But alas! our Youngster having bedded his Queen but for the space of two Hours, rises up from his Nuptial-bed, too late conscious to himself, of his unfitness for *the Sports of Venus*. And albeit he was in his Queen's company every day for four Years thereafter, his false Desires never led him once again, during all that time, to try a *second Rencounter*: Yea, it was expected by every-body, he should never have ventured to bed the Queen again, if his *Favourite Luyenes* had not trickt him into it, the very Night of his *Sister's Marriage* with *the Prince of Piedmont*: for *Luyenes* finding the King in a good jolly humor, and talking more wantonly than ordinary, he grasps him out of his Bed, in his arms, and throwing a Night-gown about him, brings him unexpectedly into the Queen's Bed. It was indeed pretended, that the reason of this four Years Abstinence was for fear the Marriage-bed might hinder *the King's growth*, and *enervate his strength*: And yet it's hard to believe, that such a *politick Consideration* could prevail with a
 Man

Man that had any *boiling Blood* in his Veins; but every-body will be apt at the first dash, to draw this Consequence from it, that there was more in it of a *Winter chilness*, than usually suits with Youth.

From the beginning of the Year 1619, to 1638, *King Lewis the 13th* continued to cohabit with his Queen: and often in his *melancholly Fits*, to which he was naturally subject, he would complain to his *Confidents*, That he knew certainly the Queen would have no Children to him. Upon which fell out a *remarkable Passage*, that serves mightily to Unriddle some Difficulties in this Affair: One day at *Fontenbleau*, the time of his Brother *Monsieur's* Wars against him, being in a sullen Fit, he began to regrate to some few about him, his misfortune of not having Children of his own body; which he said was the cause of *Monsieur's* Insolence against him, and of *his Power with the People*, as being *presumptive Heir* of the Crown. Hereupon some of them began to tell him, That for Reasons of State, it was very fit to procure a Divorce from the Queen, and that perhaps another *Wife* might bring him Children to heir the *Crown of France*, and put *Monsieur* besides the *Cushion*. But *Layettes*, who knew the King's Infirmity best, taking him aside, told him with his usual freedom, *Sire,*
 Unless

Unless you resolve to ruine your self for good and all, let there never be the least mention made in time coming, of a Divorce from the Queen; for if any such thing shall come to her Ears, she will be sure to lay the blame of her Barrenness upon your Majesty; and this every body will believe, and which will render Monsieur's Pretensions insupportable. And indeed it was from this Consideration, that the motion of a Divorce was ever afterwards laid aside, least the Queen should be provoked, to tell out the Truth, and thereby Monsieur's Interest elevated a pin higher than suited with the King's Safety.

There is another great Presumption of one's Impotency, when a Man evinces himself to be indifferent not only for his own Wife, but for the whole Fair Sex in general: *Louis the 13th* gave ample proofs of this sort of Vertue, if it be one; having been never seen to cast one single warm glance at any of the Beauties of the Court, and never heard to utter one expression that could be interpreted amorous.

Of this Indifference of his, for the fair Sex, there is one pretty instance, in an expression he had to Monsieur his Brother, upon the occasion of his marrying the Duke of Lorraine's Daughter, against the King's will: Monsieur having told him, by way of excuse, That he chus'd rather to Marry

Marry at any rate, than to live in Whoredom; and one of the two he said his Constitution obliged him to do. *Brother*, replies the King, *You and I it seems are of different tempers, for I could live all my life without either of them.* Here was a modest, tho untimous confession of his *Indifference*, if not *Impotency*; and indeed *Monsieur* was not wanting to improve it in his *Circular Letters*, he wrote to his *Partisans*, a few months after, upon his retiring to *Brussels*.

There is another *Story* much of the same nature, that passed betwixt the King and his Favorite *Luyenes*, about the Divorce from the Queen, when it was first talkt of: *Luyenes* told him, That the only way to stop the Queen's mouth in the matter of the *Divorce*, was for the King to give an evidence, that her Barrenness was not from his fault, by trying to get Children by some other Women; and hereupon he mention'd one of the handsomest Ladies about Court, as a fit Mistress for him. The King answered coldly, *Mais je vous assure Luyenes, je ne songe pas a telles choses: But I assure you*, says he, *Luyenes, I do not think upon these things.* And so the Discourse was dropt.

I shall only name one other instance more of the King's *indifference for the fair Sex*, because it was so publick, and had so much of Ralliary in

it: The King being one day playing at Cards with *Mademoiselle Ramboulet*, it happen'd that the King alledged upon her, she had dropt a Card on design, saying, he would have it, be where it will: The Lady finding she was discover'd, flipt the Card into her breast, saying, *Sire, I am assured you will not take it out here*: Which was true; for the King gave over any further search, when he see the Card was in her bosom.

A great many attributed this *Indifference* of the King's for his own Lady, and all other Women, to the *weakness of his Constitution*; and indeed he was the tenderest and sickliest imaginable, being from his birth weak in his Limbs, and *Astmatick* to his dying day. The *Duke of Espemon*, rallying one day with the King's Physician, told him, He was afraid the King might over heat himself in the Embraces of a young and beautiful Queen. The Physician nodding his head, answer'd him, *It must be a great heat that will thaw his Majesties Ice*.

But tho *Lewis the 13th.* had been a just Admirer of his own Queen, and of the fair Sex in general, and had neither been branded with *Impotency*, nor known to be of a *weakly Constitution*, what a wonderful thing was it, that what a man could not do in the heat of his Youth, he should in the beginning of the autumn of his Age, and that there

there should be *twenty three Years* betwixt their Marriage and the Birth of their first Child? I remember the *Poets* tell us, that *Jupiter*, when he was to beget *Hercules*, was necessitated to make a *night three times longer than the ordinary*; so difficult was it even for the *Father of the Gods* to beget an *Heroe*: But our *Invincible Heroe*, *Lewis le Grand*, required a longer time to be gotten than *Hercules*, and *twenty three Years* was time little enough to produce our *August Monarch*. What a shame was it for *Cardinal Richelieu* to throw away so much pains to no purpose. And how easie had it been to have made the King a Father, and the Queen a Mother, in the twentieth part of that time, if he had but understood the *new English way* of getting and bearing Children? But it seems the Art of imposing *Infant Princes* was not then brought to that perfection, it has been of late; and *Anna of Austria* was not so good a Proficient in the Trade, as *Mary of Modena*. What needed the former have made her self the talk of all *France*, for her *Intreigues* with her two *Cardinals*? It had been the easiest thing in the *World*, to make her a Mother, without the trouble of one single *throm*: A close *Balister* about the *Bed*, and a convenient *Passage* at the head of it, with a wary *Midwife*, and one or two more trusty *Confidents* might have done just as well. D 2 But

But the Curse of all was, our *Lewis the 13th.* was neither to be impos'd upon, in such an Affair, nor could be brought into *the Design* himself; His malice to his Brother, the next Heir, tho' at War with him, came not up to that length as to cheat him of the Throne. And tho' *Lewis the 13th.* had been capable of so great a *Weakness*, or rather *Madness*, his Brother *Monsieur* was too much concern'd, to let the Queen impose upon him, one to exclude him from the Crown: During the Queen's bigness, *Monsieur* had his constant Spies about her, to watch her motions, and to tell him every thing that past. Upon the news of the Queen's being in *Labour*, *Monsieur* was not out of the way, but hastens away to her *Bed-Chamber*; and his Sedulity and Watchfulness was scarce allowable in Modesty; the least circumstance about the *Mother* and *Child*, did not escape his prying *Curiosity*, and the *Field of Nature it self* was laid open to his view; such is the misfortune of Princesses, when bearing Children, in prejudice of other Mens rights. *Monsieur* retiring himself to his Chamber, in a melancholly mood, (as he had good reason) was asked of by *Espernon*, what he had seen: *Alas!* says he, *I am sure I saw it come out, but who the Devil put it in, I know not.*

Queen *Mary of Modena* took a shorter cut, and

a more modest method of Lying in. She would neither allow *the Princesses* concerned, to search into her *Bigness*, nor permit any in their Name, to be present at *her Labour*: The poor *Princess of Denmark* was hurried away to the *Bath*, upon the pretence of her health; and *the Queen Dowager* was not brought in, till *the Game was over*. And who can blame a *modest Italian*, to be more reserv'd in *the Secrets of Nature*, than a *blunt Spaniard*? How happy was it for *the first*, that instead of *two Princesses* at a distance, she did not meet with a *Blustering Duke of Orleans*, to peep more narrowly into the Scheme of her Contrivances, and render her and her Plot ridiculous.

But to return to the happy Birth of our *Lewis le Grand*; it seems all the Endeavours of *Cardinal Richelew*, to provide an *Heir for France*, were unsuccessful; whether *his Brain* and *his other Parts* were not of a piece, or *his pressing Cares of State*, joyn'd to some natural Impediment were the cause of it, I cannot tell: But it was reserved for a person of a *meaner Condition*, tho' of a more *robust Constitution*, to effectuate, what this *Consummate Church-man* had attempted in vain: *Monsieur le Grand*, a Gentleman of a comely Person; and sprightly Spirit, and a courtly Genius, was lookt upon as the fittest

test Person to make up the defects of an *Impotent King*, and a *Wearied Favorite-Cardinal*. This *Carpet Knight* was admitted into the *Embraces* of the Queen, and by her *teeming Belly*, she found, within a few months, that she had hit upon a fit *Stallion* to propagate the Royal Family of *France*.

It's generally thought, this Gentleman was not so much the Queens own choice, as that of *Richelieu*; and that this *Refin'd Minister* perswaded the Queen to entertain *Monsieur le Grand* for her Gallant, out of a meer Principle of State, as being more likely to make the Queen a Mother, than he himself was: And this is the rather believed, that it is generally known, that immediately after the Queen was found to be with Child, *M. le Grand* was dismiss'd the Court, upon the honourable pretence of being made *Lieutenant-Criminal of Provence*; the wily *Cardinal* fearing his intimacy with the Queen might prejudice him in her favour; and indeed after this Job was done, the *Cardinal* had no more use for him, as the sequel made it too evident.

Pliny tells us a story of the *Wolf*, That he never sees his *Sire*; because, says he, he is murdered by the rest of the *Wolves*; out of envy, that he was prefer'd by the she *Wolf*, before them. The same fate had the Father of this *Rapacious Creature*,

Creature, Lewis the 14th. for being noos'd into the Conspiracy of *Monseigneur de Monmorancy*, he was beheaded at *Tholouse*, by the *Cardinal's* express Command; who was unwilling the Queen should have an abler *Gallant* than himself, for the future.

I cannot but regrave the fate of this poor Gentleman, in being first brought to the Bed of a Queen, and thereafter in having his Head chopt off, meerly that he might not tell *Tales*, or give any *Jealousie* to his *Rival*, in the Queen's favour: Yet I judge him happy in this, that he did not live to see the *Monster* he had begotten.

There happen'd a memorable Passage at his Death, which was this. Being all along, after his Condemnation, laid asleep with an assurance of a Pardon, even upon the Scaffold, to the end he might not discover any of his *Criminal Secrecies* with the Queen; at last, being desir'd to lay down his Head for the blow, he came to understand, too late, that he was cheated out of his life; and just when he was beginning to express himself in these words: *O! La Vanite d'estre aime d'une fame cruele, &c. O! the Vanity of being lov'd by a Woman cruel; and devoted to the villainous Counsels of a Church-man.* Here the fatal Axe did put an end to the Sentence, and to his Life together.

This

○ This end had *Monsieur le Grand*, Father of our *August Monarch*: And it's but just, his Son should bear the name of *Le Grand*, not as an *Epithet*, but as the *Sirname of his Father*, *Le Grand*, by way of *Epithet*, being never his due. And thus was *Cardinal Richelew* revenged upon him, for being a fitter and abler *Gallant* to the Queen, than himself, tho at first he was not only the *Privado*, but the first *Incourager* of their *Amours*:

○ When I am on this Subject, I cannot but mention a *Droll sort of Letter*, written about that time by *Monsieur* to the *Duke of Lorrain*, his Brother-in law, from *Brussels*, which was afterwards found among the *Duke of Lorrain's Papers* taken at *St. Michel*, which was to this purpose: *Your Highness accuses me unjustly, for not obtaining from Monsieur le Grand, when he was with me, a Declaration of his Privacies with the Queen; which you say, would have mightily furthered my Affairs: But, Sir, tho M. le Grand, at some certain times, out of a transport of fury against the Queen, for her Unkindness, as he term'd it, would confess to me the whole Secrets past betwixt the Queen and him; yet the very next moment, he would pass from all he had said, and affirm, that what he spoke formerly, was but in jest. One night, when we were speaking of retiring from Court, I brought him to promise, that he should*
wait

wait on me next morning, to give me an ample Declaration of what I sought of him: but he changed his mind that very night, and told me the next day, that he would do it some other time, when our Affairs were better ripened. Being astonish'd at this sudden change, I found by enquiry, that the Cardinal had sent for him that very night, and that he was in his Privy-Chamber above an hour together; and what pass betwixt them two I cannot devine, but by the event. Notwithstanding of all this, concludes Monsieur's Letter, I cannot think but this Unfortunate has left some Declaration in the hands of some of his Friends, which if it could be fallen upon, would mightily conduce to the good of our Affairs, &c.

In this Letter, we see Monsieur asserts plainly, that Monsieur le Grand confessed to him his Privacies with the Queen, and had promised in his angry Fits, to declare them under his hand; tho' I must say, it was not generous on his part, for the Queen's Ingratitude to him be what it will; and it's more than probable, that the taking vent of this Affair, hastned his Ruine. It seems Mademoiselle, who is yet alive, Daughter to Monsieur, was perswaded of the truth of this Intrigue, and that her Father had told her how little right Louis the 14th. had to the Crown; since a great many Years after, at the Barricado of

Paris, this *Princess* went in person to the *Bastile*, and with her own hand fir'd the first *Gun*, against the King's Forces, with this expression, *I know of no right he has here.*

If *likeness* be a sign of near relation, never was there two faces liker to one another, than these of our *Invincible Monarch* and *M. le Grand*. And I must acknowledge the wisdom of the Queen in causing *M. le Visme*, her Painter, to call in all the Pictures of *M. le Grand*, that he could possibly get into his hands, when she found her Son betray'd his true Father by his Physiognomy: For those who have seen *both the Originals*, will say, there was need of all this caution.

Thus the Cardinal *Richlew* had the honour of being a *Gallant* to a Queen, and upon trial of his own want of *prolifick quality*, had the goodness to provide another better qualified than himself: Notwithstanding of this obligation the Nation has to him, I cannot forgive his *Insolence* in ordering these words to be engraven in capital Letters, upon the *Pedestal* of *Louis the 13th's* Statue, in the *Palace Royal*, *Cardinalis Richlieus Coadjutor Sum in omnibus suis negotiis: The Cardinal Richlew his Helper in all his Affairs.* As if it had not been enough to have Cuckol'd his Master, without erecting him a Statue, merely to tell the World that he did so.

As

As *Similitude in Faces*, is often a sign of a *Relation in Bloud*, so the *likenesse of condition*, is as often an *incentive to Love*, and the *motive to Friendship*. Let no body therefore blame *Lewis the Great*, for Patronising the *little Prince of Wales*; it's but reasonable, the *Great Bastard* should protect the *Little one*, and endeavour to set upon the *English Throne*, just such a Creature as is already upon the *the French one*.

It's just with our *Great Bastard*, as with the *Fox* in the *Fable*, who had the misfortune to lose his *Tail*, he would needs perswade his *Neighbours* to cut off theirs, that thereby he might hide his own infirmity. It's certain *Lewis the 14th.* would be content that all the *Scepters of Christendom* were only sway'd by *Bastards*, that his own *Spuriousness* might be the less taken notice of. And if it be true, that some *Lawyers* affirm of the old *Law of Normandy*, that by it, *Bastards* did exclude the *lawfully begotten*; no body has reason to exclaim against *Lewis le Grand* his Succession to the *Crown of France*, since he is a *Norman* by birth, as born at *St. Germain en Lye*, the hithermost *Town* of that *Province*.

Methinks I hear the *little Prince of Wales*, or rather his *true Parents*, exclaiming against me heavily, for calling him so often a *Bastard*, and

thus pleading against the Injustice of my Pen:
What Devil must inspire a man to call one a Bastard, that is really begotten in lawful Wedlock; and though he had the good fortune to be brought into Queen Mary's Bed, by a skilful Midwife, to be there own'd for her own Son, yet all this makes him not a Bastard: And pray, who would have refused to lend their Son to be the Heir of three Crowns? I confess there is reason in all this; and I am very inclinable to excuse both the little Imposter and his Parents, since few would have refused such an offer; and I oblige myself, That if ever I happen to be in England, when the Gentleman comes to be King, I shall beg his Pardon for giving him a Name he deserves not.

FINIS.



